Samuel Chapman Armstrong

ROBERT C. OGDEN

LC
2851
H32
042
1894
GTU
Storage

Class ..... Book .....

Accession No. 6091

PACIFIC THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

LIBRARY.

GIFT OF

Gladden

FOUNDER'S DAY.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/samuelchapmanarm0000robe

FOUNDER'S DAY, HAMPTON INSTITUTE
JANUARY 28, 1894

SAMUEL CHAPMAN ARMSTRONG

A SKETCH

ROBERT C. OGDEN

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY
NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO
Publishers of Evangelical Literature

LC
2851
H32
Q42
1894

H
AR 580

Copyright, 1894,
BY
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY.

FOUNDER'S DAY, HAMPTON INSTITUTE.

THE first observance of Founder's Day at the Hampton Institute was on Sunday, January 28, 1894. The following Tuesday was the birthday of General S. C. Armstrong, the founder and for twenty-five years the principal of the Hampton Institute. He died May 11, 1893. The exercises begun upon the Sunday nearest his birthday were concluded upon the actual date.

It is proposed to continue the custom of Founder's Day as an annual event. Thus it is hoped to preserve the memory and power of General Armstrong's life as a personal force in sustaining the work to which he gave his life.

On the Sunday afternoon, with saddened hearts, fresh with the memory of its great loss, the School battalion escorted the long procession of officers, teachers, girls, and friends to the spot in the School cemetery where, "like one of the boys," the great leader was laid to rest last spring. A

short service was held over the flower-strewn grave, after which the procession moved to the church for the memorial exercises.

The devotional services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. H. B. Frissell, principal, and the Rev. H. B. Turner, chaplain of the Hampton Institute, after which the remarks concerning General Armstrong printed in the following pages were made by Robert C. Ogden, a trustee of the Hampton Institute.

SAMUEL CHAPMAN ARMSTRONG.

"FOUNDER'S DAY"—a beautiful idea for Hampton. The hope is that the usage begun to-day may so grow into the thought and life of the Hampton Institute, as to become an annual event of large importance in the creation of power and inspiration. Fitting it is that this last Sunday in January, the holy day of rest and gladness, the sacred day of memory and hope nearest to the birthday of General Armstrong, the founder and father of this institution, should be celebrated as Founder's Day.

To find myself here, the speaker of the occasion, is a somewhat strange experience. While I would prefer a quiet place as a listener with the rest to any one of General Armstrong's many friends worthier than I to meet the solemn duty of this day and hour, I did not yet demur when Dr. Frissell commanded me to this service. It has been my habit to obey in some fashion, better or worse, the orders of the chief of Hampton

Institute. Loyalty to the friend and commander of the past requires the same loyalty to his successor. And when the authority to command is intensified by the charms of a delightful personal fellowship, cemented by a common devotion to the man whose memory we honor to-day, and when above that again are the claims of a work so honorable to God and so helpful to man as to call forth from the sage and seer, the poet and philanthropist, Whittier, the designation of "the Christ-like School,"

> "Hesitation would be disloyalty,
> Faltering would be sin."

The serious limitations that we meet in speaking publicly concerning General Armstrong are some of his own opinions and expressed wishes. So profoundly was he impressed with the fact that the kindly estimate placed upon departed prominence by friendly writers often varied from exact truth, that he had little sympathy with ordinary biography. Thus came the clear and positive command that such memorial should not be made of him. Care must therefore be taken that his wishes be respected.

And then, too, the definite direction that no eulogy should mark his funeral service prohibits, on this or any other occasion, that which was forbidden then.

But we are assembled to-day in this simple service as a company of his friends. With many of our number, the close companionship of years had created toward him profound sentiments of affectionate respect. Our mental estimate had confirmed all the regard created by personal association. All this company, in some degree, have known him personally or by repute, only to respect and honor his life and to cherish his memory.

Were we collected in little separate groups, we would properly speak to one another of the traits and achievements that made his life precious to us; therefore it does no violence to his opinions and wishes that we transfer to this larger group the converse of narrower circles. To do this, in very simple fashion, is the modest aim of all I shall attempt.

My thoughts are busy with personal reminiscence. How could it be otherwise? When he was summoned to the "mansions where the

mighty rest," the period of my friendship with him had reached nearly a third of a century. How long in prospect! how short in memory!

While in college, some portion of each vacation was passed with me. Every visit to the North during his army life, when furlough or special duty granted him temporary absence from the field, found him, for at least a portion of the time, a member of my family. During all the years of struggle, growth, and maturity of the Hampton Institute, our meetings in Virginia and the North were frequent. Thus the close friendship of early manhood ripened into the deeper attachment of later life, without a shadow of a shade of doubt or misunderstanding arising to dim the light or becloud the vision of perfect trust between us.

It would be easy, therefore, to draw upon memory for delightful reminiscence; natural to indulge the demands of the heart in recalling and repeating incident and experience of personal intercourse. Let us, however, turn from this line of thought and endeavor to find even a more profitable use for the little time I may occupy, in an attempt to sketch, crudely enough,

perhaps, some of the characteristics that gave General Armstrong his imperial power in commanding men, and in elevating the ideals and actions of so many of his fellow-beings—a power not at all limited to the two races to which his life-work was especially devoted.

Apparently, his was a strangely complex character, and certainly he was a deeply interesting psychological study. It is a mistake to speak of his leading traits as contradictory. There was within them a peculiar unity; but it required insight to discern it. He was unique. The common mind could not comprehend him—few understood him; perhaps none perfectly. Possibly thus I am explaining why it remained for me to know him best in his latest years. Often have I repeated to myself the question, Has Armstrong changed? and before he left us I got the answer, that has grown much clearer since, Not changed, only matured. *I* had begun to change, in that I was beginning to know him better.

Possibly some one can state whether General Armstrong had ever clearly defined and expressed his working theory of life, but I doubt it. All around the circle of his intimate associates there

are those who cherish his wonderfully terse and epigrammatic utterances. His converse sparkled with them, thrown off from the torrent of ordinary speech as the pearl-like spray from a rushing cataract, reflecting and refracting, as does the mist in the sunlight, the clear rays of truth that pervaded his mind.

Were it possible to collect these brilliant and pungent epigrams, there might be constructed from them something of the system upon which his life was ordered. But I seriously question if even his philosophic mind had ever formulated in terms his scheme of life.

His was not a life of doctrines, but of spirit. To catch the spirit of this founder of Hampton is our employ to-day. It is beneath our high privilege to dogmatize about him.

In the best sense General Armstrong was a deeply spiritual man. As I speak of him thus, there comes back an almost rebuke; for one of the strongly marked and most significant of his characteristics was that he never spoke of personal spiritual experiences. Great souls do not make traffic of their most sacred experimental knowledge. He reverenced humanity too deeply

to tolerate, with others or with himself, the rending of the veil of the holy of holies of the soul, within which the spirit holds communion with God. To the close and sympathetic observer of General Armstrong it was evident that his dynamic power was derived from some unseen source. His mighty force in practical action, the brilliance of his thought and speech, when in the vigor and full flush of manly power, might erroneously be ascribed to natural endowment, mental and physical, aided by training and education. The facts were that all these bodily and intellectual gifts were but parts of the human machine through which the mighty, God-inspired spirit expressed itself.

It is a great event when a mighty soul reveals itself. It was my privilege to get occasional glimpses of General Armstrong's soul life. I recall a Sunday morning in my home, some three or four years before his death. He was a guest at my house. There were some fine young people also with us. It was an intense pleasure to me that they should have the privilege of meeting Armstrong in the familiar freedom of domestic life. At breakfast the talk took a serious

turn, and Armstrong began to speak of the deep things of life, of death, of the future state, of the spiritual existence. An occasional remark, or question only, was needed to stimulate him to a continuation of high prophetic discourse, and it was noon before we left the table—nearly four hours had passed under the magic spell of his matchless inspiration. No word of self or personal experience escaped him, but the power of a life to which the unseen was the most real was made evident. A great soul had revealed itself.

Only upon the high spiritual theory can we explain the power of the life we are now considering. Our lesson is to be had not so much from any attempts to imitate him as to learn to seek the same power from the same source. He was eminently a Christian, and the same Spirit promised by our Lord, at His departing, to His brethren, is still the most potent factor in life. I appeal to General Armstrong's character as an infallible proof that the promises of the Christ are still valid and vital.

The fruits of the Spirit are beautifully described by St. Paul. They were expressed in the lives of the faithful. Discarding just now the cata-

logue in the Epistle to the Galatians, let us glance at some of the practical traits of our dear friend, and endeavor to trace in them the outlines of graces that are the fruits of the Spirit.

In the best sense, General Armstrong was a man of the world. He recognized the power of the devil to a degree that was intensely realistic, and he discovered that a great moral fault of the age is that Satan has become a merely humorous personage. He saw, with his clear and penetrating vision, the vices and degradation of humanity. He never dodged a fact. He dealt with the world as he found it, and never took shelter from the actual in a bomb-proof of the fanciful. He was as courageous in facing moral issues as in risking his life where bombs were bursting, bullets whistling, and battalions charging. The fearful margin between the ideal and the actual in the affairs of humanity was far more plain to him than to the average man who takes the world seriously.

But all this never produced in his mind the pessimistic doubt that is born of faithless fear. He touched the world naturally, at every point of contact. The prosecution of his great life-work brought him an experience of men and

things, of society and of business, of state-craft and social science, of education and philanthropy, very exceptionally wide and varied. And amid all this, in success and in disappointment, whether circumstances helped or hindered, he was always bright, hopeful, assured.

The progress of years and the attainment of eminent position left him untouched by any personal ambition. Association, frequent and flattering, with persons of fashion, the hospitalities of wealth and luxury, left him with personal tastes of perfect simplicity. The thought of self never seemed to enter his mind; each new advance or higher attainment only broadened and deepened the responsibility of loving devotion to the oppressed races to whose service his life was devoted.

The true greatness of a life is shown in trifling things. A one-sided character, brave apparently and bold before the public gaze, often fails under the test of small things. Just here, positive self-restraint is needed to suppress the narration of some, apparently trivial but really vital, incidents from the many with which I am familiar that would illustrate most forcibly the point I am

striving to make, namely, that, in a marked sense, General Armstrong was in the world but not of it. And this is no post-mortem estimate. For many years it has been my happy privilege to bear the same testimony concerning this point that I am now reciting here.

General Armstrong, in his personal relations, is well worth more careful study than is possible here and now. Some suggestions concerning them may lead to further and profitable thought.

He was keen, clear, and incisive in his judgment of men. He could infallibly detect a sham, and had scant tolerance for insincerity. His official action with men was guided entirely by their possibilities of usefulness as he understood them. His personal attachments never influenced his judgment in such decisions. A mistaken judgment concerning himself he could bear with equanimity, but an intentional injustice wounded him deeply. His own generous impulses toward other men led him always to seek to be just. This very quality made him feel keenly the opposite when displayed toward himself or the Hampton Institute.

His general attitude of personal judgment was

to gauge men by their excellencies and not by their defects. Thus he came to decisions that overlooked blemishes and, especially in prominent characters, sought for and sustained the strong points that made for righteousness and minimized weakness or inconsistency. The Golden Rule he seldom quoted, but made it a rule in his touch upon other lives. This was a striking element in his power over men. It was the charity of strength, not of weakness. Thus it was that small quarrels were unknown to him, and personal antagonisms a very exceptional experience.

This type of personal relations was with General Armstrong closely allied with his faith in humanity. He believed in men and women, in the possibilities of every life. His rare capacity for inspiring other lives rested upon several elements, but among them prominent was this human faith. He got a great deal out of others; his trust in them begat trust in him. Intensely sincere, he appealed directly to the comradeship of sincerity. Where it already existed, he obtained an echo that rang true. I cannot but think it true of all absolutely sincere action that it often awakens dormant sincerity in others, and

frequently creates it where it does not exist. One thing is certain, General Armstrong commanded, both in the School and in the world, an amount of sincere loyalty to himself and his work rarely seen.

This rapid sketch, at best inadequate, would be positively unworthy did it fail to note General Armstrong's intense devotion to a definite aim in life. The incident between Generals Marshall and Armstrong so often quoted, in which the latter remarked that the question of his future was pirate or missionary, was no sooner decided for the missionary than the whole of his life was thrown into the cause of the freedmen. True of him as of St. Paul, it was "This one thing I do."

An intense moral earnestness took hold of the duty. With a philosophic mind that analyzed the conditions, sought bottom facts, evolved principles, he became not only an intense philanthropist, but an intelligent statesman. The latter statement is demonstrated by his annual reports, which are state papers. They discuss the races, their relations, legislation, education, social questions, material facts. This grasp of the subject made him dominant over powerful men whom he

molded to his ideas. The force of his character and intensity of his feeling made his work uppermost wherever he was and with whomsoever in contact. Later, the Indian became the companion of the Afro-American in his study, and together they continued the objects of his life-work.

So intense was his devotion to these objects that in his presence the affairs of his friends faded into insignificance. Everywhere men dropped their occupations and surrendered time and thought to the man that often seemed a human locomotive or an altruistic cyclone. Not pertinent just here is the question of the killing pace at which this great movement was carried forward by its apostle. The thought is that of an aim in life distinctly formulated and faithfully followed.

But the present time at command would be inadequate for even a complete catalogue of the qualities of mind and heart that made General Armstrong an example to be followed, a figure to be studied. A quick mention of such other of his traits as most readily suggest themselves must conclude these fragmentary outlines.

He was of the prophets. At times he reminded

us of Elijah or John the Baptist; again of Elisha or Isaiah; never of Jeremiah. Now he was as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness"; again, the chariots of heaven and the horsemen thereof, as yet concealed from the vision of smaller men, were plainly visible to him. This prophetic insight led him ceaselessly onward, sometimes with painful steps and slow, sometimes with leaps and bounds of progress.

He was of the poets. He never to my knowledge wrote verses, but his close sympathy with nature and with man taught him to seek everywhere for the beautiful. And he found beauty in many things, had a keen appreciation of music, of painting, of poetry. His quick ear, alert eye, and ready mind caught readily the charms of sound, the truth of pictures, the sentiment of verse.

General Armstrong was like the rushing of a mighty wind in all action, but he was a conservative in thought. Patiently he sought for truth; impetuosity pervaded his activity; patience marked his waiting for effects. He never kept debit and credit accounts of results. He made his investment of brain and brawn and

heart and took no account of dividends. His reward was in the unmeasured meting out and not in that which was measured to him again.

Much has been said of General Armstrong's indifference to money. He was a model of scrupulous economy in the expenditure of sacred money. His simplicity made him independent of money. But he was not indifferent to it, although personally he cared little for it. He feared its influence for evil; he knew full well its power for good. He once wrote me, "If I am ever rich, by any chance, pray for my soul, and you'll need it as much as I. With good clothes and square meals and plenty to do, we ought to be content."

And so we might linger over our theme, gathering lessons that come with tender and beautiful force from the life of the man whose body reposes in the School Cemetery, whose soul goes marching on in the larger life of the spiritual world. He had solved the question of the unity of life. It was to him one life, here and hereafter. That this was a fiber of his being, appears clearly in his not infrequent expressions of reverent curiosity as to what the future life would be.

No violence has been done to his sacred commands in our conference to-day. We are seeking lessons for our own living more than rendering a tribute of praise to General Armstrong. And it must be distinctly remembered that we are neither making biography nor attempting an all-around study of the man.

But his impress was too broad and deep upon his generation to permit him to pass without extraordinary recognition; and so a rich literature, especially in the magazines, has been rising around his memory. Possibly something may be done to collect and collate these various sketches for the comfort of those who loved and honored him, for the leading of those who would be glad and proud to be led by him.

Even the limitations of his own commands would not forbid some such work. The continuation of his grand aims in life, the perpetuity of his personal influence, the interests of the Hampton Institute, the affection of those endeared to him by the ties of relationship, the longings of the larger circle so closely allied to him by the congeniality of friendship or associated with him as sympathizing workers in the uplifting of In-

dian and Afro-American, alike demand the best record, in permanent form for preservation, of his life-work, and public service.

This church, which has made the building plant of the Hampton Institute so beautifully complete, is hallowed by its sacred uses. But to me it is bound up with sacred memories of General Armstrong that make it doubly holy. As these recent experiences occur to my mind, memory retires to the beginning of our friendship and the panorama of his life as I knew it is unfolded. It was in 1860 that, bearing a letter of introduction from his honored uncle, Judge Reuben A. Chapman, afterward the chief-justice of Massachusetts, he came to me. His abounding life made a quick impress, and at sight I became his admiring friend. The hand-grasp of that first acquaintance never relaxed until his tent was spread in "the bivouac of the dead." The fun and humor of those early days come over me like a refreshing breeze from a lost youth.

Later, when in the military service, from time to time he flashed into my life, a veritable son of Mars. The excitement of the war stimulated his thought and inspired his enthusiasm. He was

even then not only a warrior but a seer—a veritable young Samuel, serving the Lord with deeper perception of the divine spirit than many of the aged prophets.

Each step in the progress of this institute, every plan for a new building or project for developing the work here, or arousing interest in the North, presents some distinct point for study in the review of his life. Time forbids us to linger over the mournfully beautiful invalid period that formed the closing chapter of General Armstrong's life —a period rich in memories of a touching pathos that was suffused and relieved by a glorious heroism. But the personal touch came to its close for me within these sacred walls.

It was on the third Sunday in last March that I was here, at the afternoon service. I was seated at a distance, when he sent a request for me to occupy a seat beside him—a suggestion to me most welcome. The service closed, the choir sang awhile afterward, and at last all had gone but the general and myself. Seated in one of the pews nearest the door, we lingered and talked until the evening shadows made the church almost dark.

The converse had no allusion to his illness and partial inability, but sparkled with plans for future work and beamed with hope and faith. No word of self. And, as I recall it all, I deem it only proper to apply to him the words that were used to describe the life-work of our Master and his— "He saved others: Himself He cannot save." From this communion we were called to a brief evening meal, whence I hurried away to catch the boat for the North. We corresponded afterward, but never met again. In a few short weeks he was at rest.

How many others of this audience have kindred associations of the man and this place! As I make the notes from which I speak upon a desk used by General Armstrong scores of times, his face glances at me from a photograph across the room. The laws of association touch the places of the writing and the speaking. The very walls, the bricks, and the wood of this building are eloquent with testimony that would repeat to us the lessons that he taught.

As the departing Joshua called Israel together for his final counsel and then set up a great stone by the sanctuary of the Lord and said, "Behold,

this stone shall be a witness unto us; for it hath heard all the words of the Lord which He spake unto us: it shall therefore be a witness unto you," so these dumb walls shall witness to the later Joshua. The analogy is not absolutely perfect, but it is sufficiently pertinent to permit us to say that, as Lincoln was the Moses of the freedmen, leading them out of captivity, so, in a large degree, was Armstrong their Joshua, leading them into that knowledge of the Lord that should teach them to occupy in righteousness and peace the freedom into which they had been brought.

When we review, with merely this sketchy incompleteness, the points of character touched upon to-day, we find that we have been meditating upon one who combined the qualities of student, scholar, educator, poet, mystic, philosopher, statesman, soldier, philanthropist, Christian: a man whose resources were unfailing, and whose energy was unflagging.

The question comes unbidden, Whence came all these magnificent expressions of masterful power? The answer is not far away. He was well born for lofty work; his inheritance, physical, mental, moral, was of an exalted type. But

heredity does not explain him; the fitting words are those that describe the great leader and lawgiver of Israel: "He endured, as seeing Him who is invisible."

Across my desk the eager face still gazes, almost in rebuke, and I dare not write any fulsome or unworthy word; but yet, dear friend, if your kindly spirit hovers near, you will forgive when, not only for myself but for thousands more, I thank God for you, that we had you, knew you, loved you, and I say of you, as I have for years proudly said, "You were the greatest man I have ever been privileged to know."

The story of his last days here is full of suggestion. One of his last actions was to visit the fleet assembled from the navies of the world in Hampton Roads, to celebrate the discovery of America and to honor the memory of Columbus. How closely he resembled Columbus as given to us in art and history! An old young man, made old before his time by the pursuit of a grand idea.

But such a life as General Armstrong's should be measured by deeds, and not by calendars. It has been said that his premature death was the

result of a waste of force, rash and reckless. A sacrifice it was, perhaps in a sense a martyrdom, but not a waste. However much we may grieve over the sad result, let none say that it was caused by a careless disregard of nature's laws. The end to be attained, the carrying forward from year to year of this great institution, providing the money without which it must falter or fail, was a task so exalting as to override all thoughts of personal consideration.

The work must be done—he did it. All over this land the money, God's money, in possession of those accounting themselves the followers of His blessed Son, existed abundantly for Hampton's needs. But it was not forthcoming in sufficient measure to lift or lighten the burden of Hampton's founder. There is responsibility somewhere. Perhaps the great object-lesson of General Armstrong's abounding life and apparently premature death will not be lost. To many, abundantly able to extend the helping hand to him and his work, it can now be said, "Ye did it not." Let all such pause, think, and act in harmony with the command that says, "such martyrdom must cease."

Our meditation suggests another thought, namely, the grandeur of unconscious greatness. What an illustration of this truth Armstrong was! To the very last of his activity, no duty was too simple or lowly, no task for Hampton and the causes for which it stands was beneath his thought and personal service. A touch of divine inspiration was upon his soul when he penned the "Memoranda" New Year's Eve, 1890, to be read immediately after his death. "I never gave up or sacrificed anything in my life." Words of explanation cannot illumine, they would merely obscure this majestic expression of unconscious greatness.

Professional or mercantile fame and ample fortune were easily within his grasp. So men say, and rightly. But he sought neither. When the end came the work of the probate court on his estate was brief and simple, but he left vast legacies of duties and responsibilities. The administrators of these legacies are his heirs. They are to be found in the offices where magnates manage millions, in the circles of polite society, in the cities that boast of wealth and refinement, in the lonely district schoolhouses of the South, on the

Indian reservations of the West and Southwest. A brotherhood of duty toward the work left by General Armstrong touches these extremes and a thousand points between them. The question of the day is, Shall these duties be met and canceled? The duty of the hour for those assembled here is that each should find the personal portion to which he is heir, and, giving a bond to the estate, accept the care of the trust.

Is not this duty akin to that of the Scotch clansmen warning the clan to gather for battle? With solemn rites, an animal was killed and its blood collected. A cross of white wood was made, each point of which was set on fire and the fire extinguished in the blood of the sacrifice. With this cross of blood and fire the messenger started to warn the clan and announce the rendezvous, carrying on his work until overcome with exhaustion; then the next clansman present carried forward the cross and the message; and so on, from one to another, until the work was done.

So with us here. The great cross-bearer of Hampton has fallen, and upon us falls the duty to lift the cross that he carried so valiantly, and

catch from the departing echoes of his voice the message of human brotherhood and Christly service proclaimed by him so faithfully and so long; continuing to widen his influence by doing and speaking as he did for the regeneration of the world.

If any thought of appreciation or desire for recognition of any good thing we may do is stealing insidiously through our minds, suggestions from the evil one similar to those with which our first parents were tempted in paradise, let us look again at General Armstrong. He was not appreciated at anything like the full value of his philanthropic service. He who serves for reward of any sort works "to be seen of men." This great life sought no recognition. He exalted his work, and in its exaltation forgot himself. Let us go and do likewise.

To show that my views on the point are not singular, let me quote from a recent conversation with Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford, rector of St. George's, New York. I had thanked him for public, kindly recognition of Hampton and General Armstrong. Almost with indignation he disclaimed the suggestion that he had really done

anything for the man or his cause, and then added: "How great a man General Armstrong was, and how sad that he was never half appreciated!"

My words to-day have been strong, but let no one charge me with flattery of my subject. Call me pharisaic, if you please, when I declare my own honesty; but I would be worse than dishonest, I would be stupidity incarnate, did I dare in this presence and place to utter a single word of praise of my dead friend that was not dictated by such judgment as I may have, controlled at least by complete sincerity.

I wish that I could find some symbol by which to associate in your minds and mine a distinctive illustration of General Armstrong's life.

Was he not like the sea, that wages ceaseless warfare against the rocks? It cannot break them, but in its attack it breaks itself into a thousand forms of beauty. Oh, the grace of the spray of a breaking wave as it flings itself into myriads of gems that sparkle in the sunlight! Has the baffled wave failed? Ah no; it did its best, and only fell back to gather itself for fresh attack. And so this life wrought itself out with restless

energy, in ceaseless attack upon prejudice, ignorance, and wrong, returning after each disappointment bright, hopeful, undaunted, for fresh effort.

Was he not like the rock? Solemn, serene, secure. Often submerged by the tides of worldly opposition and materialism, yet enduring, only to be revealed bright and beautiful in the sunshine when the tides went out.

Yes, like the rock founded on eternal truth, and like the sea in ceaseless opposition to intrenched and enduring wrong.

But in seeking for a symbol by which to apply the principle of association to his memory, we haply need not look beyond himself. That "Memoranda," to which reference has already been made, supplies it. As it fell upon the world that knew and honored him, in the days when the first shock of loss was fresh and the resulting sorrow deep, it had wide influence. But, as time passes, the power of that paper increases. A few days ago, ex-Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania, called on me for several copies, and his possession of them caused, from several quarters, a further demand. Another friend, a doctor of divinity, well known for the wealth of his scholar-

ship and the gentleness of his character, also a friend and devoted admirer of General Armstrong, told me that he had fastened his copy into his Bible—"the only proper place for it," he said.

Have we not here a better, a more perfect symbol? When St. John the divine, the beloved disciple, had finished the Revelation and laid down the pen that completed our Scriptures, inspiration did not cease. It has gone on in prophetic souls, and will go on while there are seers that dream dreams and see visions of God and truth. Therefore it is not irreverent to suggest that we each associate with our Bibles by binding within them, that memoranda—the gospel according to Armstrong. Thus we may have and hold the symbol that will keep his memory green.

THE ARMSTRONG SYMBOL.

The paper referred to in the closing sentences of the foregoing address was given to the friends of General Armstrong in the following form:

HAMPTON
NORMAL AND AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE,

HAMPTON, VA.

DEAR FRIEND: The following memoranda were found here among General Armstrong's private papers and were left with his will to be opened after his death.

Those of his friends who have seen them have found them so characteristic and full of his spirit that we have thought they should not be withheld from a wider circle.

Respectfully,

H. B. FRISSELL.

January, 1894.

MEMORANDA.

Now when all is bright, the family together, and there is nothing to alarm and very much to be thankful for, it is well to look ahead and, perhaps, to say the things that I should wish known should I suddenly die.

I wish to be buried in the School graveyard, among the students, where one of them would have been put had he died next.

I wish no monument or fuss whatever over my grave; only a simple headstone—no text or sentiment inscribed, only my name and the date. I wish the simplest funeral service, without sermon or attempt at oratory—a soldier's funeral.

I hope that there will be enough friends to see that the work of the School shall continue. Unless some shall make sacrifices for it, it cannot go on.

A work that requires no sacrifice does not count for much in fulfilling God's plans. But what is commonly called sacrifice is the best, happiest use of one's self and one's resources—the best investment of time, strength, and means. He who makes no such sacrifice is most to be pitied. He is a heathen, because he knows nothing of God.

In the School, the great thing is not to quarrel; to pull all together; to refrain from hasty, unwise words and actions; to unselfishly and wisely seek the best good of all; and to get rid of workers whose temperaments are unfortunate—whose heads are not level; no matter how much knowledge or culture they may have. Cantankerousness is worse than heterodoxy.

I wish no effort at a biography of myself made, Good friends might get up a pretty good story, but it would not be the whole truth. The truth of a life usually lies deep down—we hardly know ourselves—God only does. I trust His mercy. The shorter one's creed the better. "Simply to Thy cross I cling" is enough for me.

I am most thankful for my parents, my Hawaiian home, for war experiences and college days at Williams: and for life and work at Hampton. Hampton has blessed me in so many ways; along with it have come the choicest people of the country for

my friends and helpers, and then, such a grand chance to do something directly for those set free by the war, and, indirectly, for those who were conquered; and Indian work has been another great privilege.

Few men have had the chance that I have had. I never gave up or sacrificed anything in my life—have been, seemingly, guided in everything.

Prayer is the greatest power in the world. It keeps us near to God—my own prayer has been most weak, wavering, inconstant; yet has been the best thing I have ever done. I think this a universal truth—what comfort is there in any but the broadest truths?

I am most curious to get a glimpse of the next world. How will it all seem? Perfectly fair and perfectly natural, no doubt. We ought not to fear death. It is friendly.

The only pain that comes at the thought of it is for my true, faithful wife, and blessed, dear children. But they will be brave about it all, and, in the end, stronger. They are my greatest comfort.

Hampton must not go down. See to it, you who are true to the black and red children of the land, and to just ideas of education.

The loyalty of my old soldiers, and of my students, has been an unspeakable comfort.

It pays to follow one's best light—to put God and country first; ourselves afterward.

Taps has just sounded.

S. C. ARMSTRONG.

HAMPTON, VA.,
New Year's Eve, 1890.

IN MEMORIAM.

GENERAL SAMUEL CHAPMAN ARMSTRONG.

(Died May 11, 1893.)

BY ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN.

I.

Whence have these many tribes and peoples birth?
Was it from young Creation's earliest day?
Were black and white and red and yellow clay
Made by God's hand of less or greater worth?
Small souls love small distinctions, in their dearth
Of mighty thoughts, that sweep all such away!
This man, whose faith moved mountains—as it may—
Owned of one blood all nations upon earth.
He who, for darker pigments in the skin
Or different mold of feature, hath denied
His brother, disavows his Maker's plan;
Our Christian hero claimed his furthest kin;
For this he lived, he labored, and he died—
The whole, the undivided Race of Man!

II.

That fiery heart grown cold—it cannot be!
Intensely as he lived, he is not dead!
The splendid courage lives, with which he led
His little army on to victory!

I think of that heroic front—that eye
That glowed, a living jewel, in his head!
How like a full brook in a stony bed
His rapid utterance, struggling to set free
Impetuous thoughts! A mission to fulfill!
Rather a hundred missions to inspire!
His precepts still in earth's dark places shine,
And still we feel the pressure of his will.
A glorious haste was his—a quenchless fire,
A motive and an energy divine!

DATE DUE

GAYLORD			PRINTED IN U.S.A.

GTU Library
2400 Ridge Road
Berkeley, CA 94709
For renewals call (510) 649-2500

All items are subject to recall.

GTU Library
3 2400 00536 2862